## MARK'S MOTHER.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

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England town, near the sea coast, a cruel midnight murder caused wild alarm. The name of the murdered man was Ralph

Beverley, a rich merchant, who owned several fine vessels that traded with foreign ports. He was almost three score at the time of his dreadful death, and on the morrow his largest ship was to sail for Portugal, laden with valuable stores. He lived in a big homestead at the top of a hill, overlooking a great sweep of sea. Though old, he was hale and vigorous, and three years earlier he had married a young wife, a sort of ward, whom he had shielded and aided during her long orphanage. Her name was Mildred Paige, and it was said that he had married her somewhat against her will. However that may have been, she seemed to bear herself meekly after the marriage, and gossip had no tales to tell of household bickerings and fends.

On the night of May 27, 18-, the murder of Ralph Beverley occurred. He was a cold, austere man, not often indulgent to his servants, but on this evening he had let two of them, a gardener and his wife, go to some festal gathering in the village. As they passed up the lawn toward the house they perceived that the window of a certain lower room was lighted. This did not strike them as strange, for they knew that their master was wont to sit up late over his hotebooks and accounts. But before they had taken ten more steps a cry. muffled yet distinct, rang forth upon the stillness of the calm spring night.

Reaching the front entrance of the homestead they found it open. The door of Mr. Beverley's study was open, too, its light streaming across the dark hall in a yellow, transverse column. The black shadow of a man blotted this light. John Ritt, the gardener, rushed bravely into the study. Martha, his wife, drew back terrified, Just then she saw the gloom of the opposite staircase starred with a candle, and beyond it the pale, fair face of her mistress, Mrs. Beverley. "What is it!" cried the lady, in tones of great fright, "What has happened! In heaven's name, what has hap-

Inside the chamber Martha Ritt's husband gazed on a grewsome sight. His master lay dead in a pool of his own blood, and over him, holding a large outlass-like knife, stood young Mark Alford.

This Mark Altord had for two years past served as a clerk in Ralph Beverley's employ. He was much trusted by the merchant, being a quick-witted fellow, and one of most engaging presence. Long before the murder a story had got afloat that Mark had admired Mrs. Beverley while she was yet Mildred Paige, and while yet there had been no faintest rumor affoat of that strange anomalous marriage between herself and a man old enough to pass for her grandfather. But not a hint of scandal had stirred the drowsy old town afterward, when Mark Aiford became a frequent guest at the Beverley homestead, apart from holding his clerkship in town. And just before the murder Ralph Beverley had concluded to send him on the ship bound for Portugal, and intrusted him with important foreign missions of a trading kind. The ship was to have sailed on the following morning, at daybreak, because of favoring tides.

Caught red-handed over the corpse of his friend and patron, Mark Alford nevertheless affirmed his entire innocence of the crime. He left the homestead that night after a short and perturbed confab with the shocked gardener. But he made no attempt to escape, and on the morrow he was arrested at his own home, smid the tears and cries of his mother and of two loving sisters, both younger than himself.

His trial was speedy, and the popular rage against him reached savage heights. In the merchant's study a certain heavy mahogany desk had been broken open, and a large amount of money, which Beverley was known to have received that afternoon and had most probably deposited there before consigning it on the morrow to one of his banks, could no longer be found. Not the faintest proof of this theft was ever traced to Mark. But he had been seen to leave the homestead at 9 o'clock that same evening by two of the servants in the Beverley household. Ralph and Mildred Beverley had both gone with him out on the porch, and audible good-byes and God speeds were given by himself and his

This testimony weighed terribly against the culprit, and for a cogent reason. He refused to state why he had been found in the study a little after midnight. All that he would say was this: "I chanced to be passing the homestead, and saw the light in Mr. Beverley's lower apartment, suspected something wrong, went up the lawn to the front door, found it open, passed inside and was confronted by the unhappy old gentleman in the agonies of death."

This explanation was derided as improbable. The homestead was more than a mile from town, and girt by amplitudes of provincial part of the country, courts were stern of judgment and intolerant of all subtle distinctions. Mark's trial lasted two whole days, an interval which then and there was held to be of amazing length. As near to him as the law allowed, with her fine aquiline face pale from anguish and dread. eat his mother. She knew that her son would say no more than he had already said. While in prison be had repeatedly told her that no power would induce him to alter this statement by a single word. "But, Mark, my darling boy." she would plead, "why were you so far from the town at such an hour?" And invariably he would answer: "I chose to walk in that direction-there is nothing more to be said." And he would say nothing more.

At the trial Mildred Beverley appeared as a witness, and gave her evidence with a voice of strained, monotonous calm. Mark's mother watched her with suspicton and hate smoldering in her big. dark eyes. "She knows more than she will tell," said Olivia Alford to her own burning and throbbing heart. "And if she does not speak, her silence may be his death." A verdict of "guilty" was at length brought against Mark. If robbers had en-

tered the homestead, murdered its owner and plundered the mahogany desk, they had contrived wholly to conceal their crime, escaping either by water or steps, by land. To-day a far gentler doom would have descended on Mark. and his refusal to give better reasons for being in the neighborhood of the homestead at so late an hour would not have | leaving the graveyard that day she mutreaped for him such incriminating results. | tered below her breath: "Ah, if my hat His mother was carried fainting from | only had eyes it would see you!" the court room, and through the weeks that followed between her son's sentence and his execution she was kept out of her bad only by the stoutest exertion of will power. She appealed to the Governor of the State with passionate personal entreaty. She procured a petition for his clemency. signed by many prominent New England citizens. But all her efforts failed. Finally she sought an interview at the Beverley homestead with the wife of its murdered

A physician, whom she had known for years, barred her passage to the chamber of

Mildred Beverley. "You cannot see her," he said. "She i too ill to see any body.' "What is her complaint?" asked the mis-

erable and desperate woman, with curling 'Complete nervous collapse. I sometimes doubt whether she will ever recover. She is wasted to a shadow, and often, for hours at a time, she lies in such a state of weakness that death seems imminent. The mere sight of a strange face, or sound of a strange voice, at her bedside might easily produce a fatal shock."

Till the day her son was hanged, Mrs. Alford passed through tortures of mingled grief and hate. Nothing could convince her that Mildred might not speak and save last time, speaking to him before the bars of his cell. At first serene of bearing and colorless as death, she at length broke down ir the most frenzied way, and shook the grating with wild cries of agony and despair.

are innocent, but you will not speak the trath because it might injure her! And she will not speak the truth because she is a wretch and a coward"

They dragged her away, struggling frantically. Later she grew calmer, but before the sun had risen on the day that was Mark's last of life an appalling change had occurred in her. All the bounteous ravenblack bair which formed no mean part of | with grief-racked soul, but with one that | at all.

More than fifty years ago, in a quiet New | her majestic matronly beauty had turned white as snow. Between these blanched locks and the dark, lambent splendor of her eyes now existed a poignant intensity of contrast. To watch her was to gaze on an incarnate human tragedy. You said to yourself: "Here is a woman whose sufferings have touched upon the very sublimity of martyrdom."

> After that farewell interview with her son she never smiled, except at the thought or the memtioned name of Mildred Beverley. Her hate for this woman was colossal. monumental, tyrannic. She would willingly have killed her, but death seemed too piteous a punishment. When Mark's brave and stoic demeanor on the scalfold was reported to her, she simply closed for a moment her feverish and hungry eyes, revealing no further sign of weakness. Popular feeling was strong against her vehement censure of Mildred. No one believed in what she so fiercely presisted in believing. Friends even deserted her because of this so-called frenzied prejudice. Her own two daughters secretly took sides against her. They had both inherited the the weak constitution of their father, and within the next five years both passed from earth. She was now quite alone in her roomy old house on the high street of the town, except for the society of two faithful servants. With the few of her own and her late husband's relations who were yet alive she had haughtily quarreled. and for the sole reason that they had refused to sympathize with her in this fierce disdain and denunciation of Mildred. Secluded, self-contained, she dwelt in an atmosphere of morbid wrath and despair. She rarely stirred abroad, and then would give only the scantiest sort of recognition to those who sainted her. By degrees nearly every lady left off saluting her. Those who had pitied and forgiven her because of the awful trial through which she had passed gradually hardened their hearts against her in exas-

> perated displeasure. Then, too, she had almost outraged pubic opinion by causing to be placed in the Alford plot of the great neighboring cemetery, over the grave of her dead son, a high granite shaft on which were carved the name of Mark, with dates of his birth and death, and these words, in letters larger and more salient: "HE DIED BECAUSE HONOR WAS DEARER TO HIM THAN

The innuendo of this epitaph pricked many who read it into resentful spleen. And such disapprobation, also, was augmented by the fact that the Beverley plot chanced to lie only a few yards away, separated by two box hedges and an intermediate path, and that the marble tombstone of the man whom Mark Alford had died for having murdered rose, as it were, almost beside the odd memorial reared above his alleged assassin.

Often Olivia Alford would visit the grave of her son; but always she would visit it on the anniversary of the day of his execution, and at the very hour-8 o'clock in the morning-when he had met death on the scafford.

Here she would kneel and pray in the autumn mornings, year after year. Sometimes the gusts of the equinox would hurl dead leaves through the graveyard; sometimes a silvery gossamer of hoar-frost would film the faded grasses, or sometimes a mellow and drowsy haze would steep both earth and sky. But Olivia Alford always brought a wreath of flowers to her son's grave, and knelt down beside it and fervently prayed. On one such morning she chanced to look toward the burnal ground of the Beverleys, and there she perceived Mildred standing near her husband's tomb. But she was looking straight at Mrs. Alford with an immense wistfulness. Her gaze seemed to say: "Will you not pity met Will you not listen to met Will you not forgive?"

"My lady has grown pious of late," thought the mother of Mark with a returning stare of angry defiance, "These tales I hear of her are true, then. But humility and repentance come now from her with a most ghastly grace."

Humility, but not repentance, it was every where else declared, and caused Mildred to pass her days in placed seclusion. Beyond doubt her husband's murder had shocked her sorely. Then had come her long illness, fraught with danger and delirum. Recovering her health, and having found herself the sole herress of Raiph Beverley's riches, she had chosen to make certain delicate and discriminating charities, the one diversion of a retirement almost monastic.

And so the years went on. Mrs. Alford's hate remained implacable. And yet, as autumn followed autumn, on every new anniversary of her son's execution she glanced across into the next burial acre and saw Mildred standing beside her husband's tomb, with a look full of infinite pleading. which only seemed to require a single permissive word or signal to make it audible

speech. Time at length told upon Olivia Alford's erect and pardy frame. Many of those who had been her friends were borne to this of them lodged in the scirless black raiment same cemetery in which her own dead were lying. The judge who had presided at her son's trial went there, and one by one went lonely meadow. In those times, and in that | also the jurors who had sent Mark to his death. A new generation succeeded the old. Only now and then was the tragedy of Mark's hanging even referred to by younger lips. On the few occasions when Mrs. Alford would be seen abroad her black draperies and her snow-white hair would rouse comments of curiosity and surprise among the townsfolk.

> "She is very old, is she not?" people would begin to ask their elders concerning her. And the answer would come: "She

> is well past seventy." But she lived to be well past eighty. Mildred Beverley was now a middle-aged woman. Once a year they would meet there in the graveyard. Each always come thither alone. Mrs. Alford always had her wreath of flowers, always laid it at the foot of the granite shaft over Mark's grave, and always glared in serid detestation at the form of Mildred just beyond.

Patiently, mildly, with untold pathos of yearning, Mildred would answer that vinwhen Mark's mother could scarcely reach could possibly do.' And still anwith a final weakening abruptness, as it eften does in the cases of those who have long resisted its more stealthy inroads. But she refused all assistance, and alighted from her carriage quite alone, walking for many yards with unsteady, yet determined.

A little latter she made the most forlorn discovery. Her sight had grown so dim since last year that Mildred's figure was only the vaguest blur to her. Yet before

All through the next winter she was very ill and feeble. The two faithful servants who had once dwelt with her were now both dead. But two others had succeeded them, and these more than once, through the acerbity of that New England winter, believed her very near to death. Yet again and again she would rally, and though the intense heat of the summer kept her almost comatose for days at a time, when autumn came she was able to rise and sit in her chair and watch the yellowing cornfields and the reddening maples from her bedroom windows. As a certain date approached she remembered it, and more than once

"I must go to my boy's grave. I must surely go-and alone, as always, as al-

Her attendants pleaded with her, but did not prevail. When the morning came on which, year before, Mark had surrendered his life an access of peculiar vitality informed her. Disdaining help, she went down stairs and entered her cumbrous. antique carriage. She was the most pitiful picture of decrepitude, and yet a certain imperious energy kept her head high on its wrinkled and shriveled throat. Her servants watched her in dismay as the carriage drove off. They dared not disobey Mark. On the afternoon preceding the day her stern commands to remain at home and of the execution she saw her son for the await her return, and yet they were almost doubtful whether they should ever again

When the cemetery was reached she descended from the carriage totteringly, with a wreath of flowers pendant from one fragile arm. It took her nearly a haif hour to "My boy! my boy!" she shrieked. "You reach Mark's grave, for more than once her great dimness of vision (which no optical glasses could now strengthen caused her to mistake her way and afterward retrace it. But at last she reached the granite shaft, knelt beside it, laid the wreath at its base, kissed it with her poor, thin, bucless lips and wept.

She had never wept before when these memorial visits were paid. She had gone | my boiler furnace and I won't use any coal

sched from hate and hungered for vengeance. Now, in the realization of herown collapsing strength, and in the sombre certainty that this would be her last pilgrimage to a spot where she herself would soon sleep the eternal sleep beside her son, a new mood, far more human than she had known for many a year, swayed and thralled her.

"Oh, my boy! My boy!" she moaned, with quivering voice. "I shall come, in a little while, to lay myself at your side! At the end it is this way always. Our loves and our hates turn to dust, and neither by tint nor scent, neither by fineness nor coarseness, may one dust be told from an-

Her voice, low and plaintive, melted into the rustle and fintter of the wind on every side. For it was a day of heavy, blueclouded, silver-rifted skies, when the breezes were abroad like wandering spirite, and the knots of asters bowed and shivered in meadow and roadside, and the brittle leaves eddied and swirled along the tarnished sward.

"Will you let me speak to you? I have wanted to so long -so many weary years.' Mildred Beverley had crossed from one burial plot to another. She had paused beside the kneeling shape. Mrs. Alford looked up into her face. The old woman's eyes were streaming with tears, and yet she answered harshly:

"I can't see you. I am slmost biind. But I guess who you are." "Have not your tears made you blind?" sounded the gentle response. "It was because of those tears and of the sorrowful voice which went with them that I have dared to come here like this. They have given me conrage."

The aged head was dropped again, "Courage for what, Mildred Beverley? Courage to tell me that your silence murdered my son!"

The fitful autumn wind smote with disheveling assault an elm tree not far away. Myriads of small golden leaves fell earthward in a flickering shower. Two startled birds, playfully wrangling with one another as they flew, dashed to a big branching shrub, and, with clamorous chirps, began picking at the seeds of its wilted blooms. Overhead a great shaft of pale light broke from a mammoth cloud and then withdrew, leaving the heavens one rugged glimmer of cold, stormful purple. "My silence was what your son desired. He loved me, and he would rather have died as he did than have me speak and save him. But if I had spoken I could not have saved him. Past all question my husband

was killed by thieves, who broke into the house, knowing of the money hid within that deak. They must have been men who had haunted the wharves of the town for weeks previous, and whose plans for flight by water were arranged with coning. What I do know, however, is this: Mark had dared to tell me, a year before the murder, that he loved me. I had listened to him, but never with willingness. My marriage had been forced upon me; became the wife of a man for whom I did not, could not, care. The only wrong ! ever committed was to refrain from preventing Mark's visits at the homestead. The rest was weakness, if you please, but it

"That night-the night of the murderhe slipped back into the house after bidding my husband and myself farewell, and receiving from both of us our wishes for a happy and prosperous voyage on the morrow. I don't know how he contrived to reenter the house; possibly some false key sided him, or it may have been that some window was left unfastened. When he stole up into my sitting room almost shricked aloud with ter-

ror. He threw himself at my teet and implored me to go with him on the ship on which he would sail at dawn. He told me how I could embark disguised, veiled, unrecognized. He assured me that he had saved funds enough amply to support us for at least a year in foreign lands. And afterward, he said, he would be able to socure means of livelihood in some distant country, with his quick sense of business methods and schemes. I snewered him. when I found the nerve and to answer at ail, only in one terrified and beseeching way. 'Mark,' I said, 'steal from this bouse asyou have stolen into it. You say that

we could live abroad precisely as if we were married, but such a union would be but a meckery and a crime. Never, never will I consent to your dreadful proposal. If I did not pity you I would call this in-stant for my husband to protect me. And yet I am sure that I do not need to seek such help. Your own reawakened honor will be sufficient.'

"What further arguments and demands left my lips I cannot recall. But while I was supplicating him to go as he had come, a cry rang from the floor below. Then followed a second cry, and a third. We stared into one another's eyes. I did not comprehend anything at first, except the peril and disgrace of his being found where he was at so unseemly an hour. And with him I am sure that it was the same. Then a fourth ory reached us, and I said, having at last grown conscious of my husband's voice: "In God's name, see what you can do!" And at this Mark burried down stairs. Here Mildred paused. The bowed head did not move. Its wrinkled forehead still rested against the base of the granite shaft. The wind sent a bevy of red, skurrying

of Mark's mother, and showed there like blotches of blood. Mildred again spoke: "At the trial I was very ill, but I forced myself to appear there. That I did not confess the truth has cost me unutterable torment for years. A little later I could not confess it, for through weeks and weeks my life almost hung by a thread, and my reason was entirely gone. It is marvelous that said nothing that would lead the nurses and doctors to suspect. But it seems that whatever ravings I vented were too wildly incoherent for that, or perhaps I babbled truth and falsity jumbled

leaves across the grassy inclosure. Some

together. But this I would say, this I have yearned to say for years in my own extenuation: Mark was determined that should not leave him. He secretly sent me a letter not long after his arrest. It was a letter of entreaty, but also of threat. 'I swear to you,' ran one passage of it, 'that if you permit yourself, innocent as you are, to admit that I entered your room on the night of the murder, I will add to that admission words which will rain you far more the cemetery; old age had come upon her other passage ran: "If the real assassins

are never found I am resolved to die in their stead rather than allow my reckless visit to soil your unspotted name. This letter I still retain. Indeed, I have it here now, in the bosom of my dress, where I have ceaselessly worn it through all these many self-reproachful years," At this point Mildred sank on her knees

beside the woman to whom she had thus brokenly, falteringly, agonizingly appealed. And then, in another moment, she reached forth a hand, and touched one of the stooped, mert, black-swathed arms. "Will you forgive me?" she breathed. Instantly Olivia Alford raised her head. The face which she disclosed was of corpselike pallor, but its ebon eyes blazed with indomitable hate. To her watcher it seemed as if all the rancor and scorn of thirty brooding and malevolent years were concentrated in that one brief, merciless

"Forgive you? If If to curse is to forgive-yes! What I have called you always call you now-a coward and a wretch! You might have saved by boy, and you held your peace. Let that thought stab and sting you till your dying day!" Again the ghostly face fell forward. Mildred rose, shaddering. She stood there for a long time, with locked lips and drawn,

tortured face. Later, startled by the intense stillness of the shape cronched at the foot of the grante shaft, she stooped down and touched it once more. Then she recoiled suddenly, with a sharp gasp of fright. Mark's mother had laid her last wreath

of remembrance on the tomb of her son, and had died, as she had lived, loathing the woman whose speech might have spared him, and whose silence had slain. Breathing and Strength.

What relation has deep breathing to

New York Evening Post.

strength? Engene Sandow, said to be a marvel of strength, who has lately greatly interested Professor Sargent, of Harvard. breathes through his abdomen; in taking a deep breath fills the top of his shest first. It is observed in registering his breathing that "the abdominal breathing was greater than the thoracic." The majority of women are unable to breathe in this way on account of their clothing.

No More Waste.

Judge. A. Krank-My patent fuel-saving combustor saves 50 per cent. of the coal. Manufacturer-All right, sir. Put two on OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Nearly nine hundred thousand grown English people can neither read nor write. Jerusalem is still supplied with water from Solomon's Pools through an aqueduct built by the Crusaders.

One English almshouse allows to each male inmate over sixty years of age one onnce of tobacco a week. In some parts of Russia snow is pre-

served in great straw, sand and manurecovered heaps, to irrigate the land in sum-To make one thousand cubic feet of 11-

luminating gas, eight pounds of coal, costing 2 cents, and four gallons of naphtha, costing 12 cents, are required. The world's agriculture occupies the attention of 280,000,000 of men, represents a

nual product of over \$20,000,000,000. The largest amount of insurance at risk upon a single life is \$1,000,000, carried by John Wanamaker. Stetson, the hatter, carries the next largest amount, \$750,000. A relic of the Confederacy, the die from which its only silver coins were struck, was recently sold in Philadelphia for \$31. It is said that only four coins were ever

capital of \$224,000,000,000, and has an an-

made from it. In Madagascar a dissatisfied husband has only to give his wife a piece of money and say: "Madam, I thank you," and, according to the laws of Madagascar, he is divorced straight away.

The idea that the earth is slowly drying up has quite a setback by a recent announcement of the bydrographic engineers that the Gulf of Mexico is one foot higher now than it was in 1850.

Traces of the bicycle are found as far back as the fifteenth century. In fact, Egyptian figures found on obelisks mounted on two-wheeled vehicles show they had

some idea of the velocipede. Only five passengers lost their lives on British railways in 1891, but there was a veritable slaughter of railway servants. Over five hundred employes were killed, and more than three thousand injured. At the Mont de Pietie, the big government

pawnshop of Paris, almost two thousand saucepans were pawned last year. Red sheets were the most numerous of the pawned goods, no less than 91,194 pairs appearing on the list. In the seven years of the revolutionary

war Great Britain sent to America about 112,000 soldiers and 22,000 seamen. The forces raised by the United States during the same period consisted of about 232,000 continental soldiers and 56,000 militia.

Extraordinary qualities are possessed by the river Tinto, in Spain. It hardens and petrifies the sand of its bed, and if a stone falls in the stream and alights upon another, in a few months they unite and become one stone. Fish cannot live in its Lizzie Francks, who years ago traveled

with Barnum's circus for many seasons as "Titania, the Fairy Queen," and always drew crowds because of her diminutive stature, is now an inmate of a Philadelphia almshouse, and has been since Aug. The very earliest coinage that can prop-

erly be said to be "strictly American" was ordered by the original Virginia Company in the year 1612, only five years after the founding of Jamestown. These coins were minted at Somers islands, now known as the Bermudas. Contrary to the general belief that Ire-

land leads the world in its fondness for "praities," statistics show that the people of Germany and Belgium are the greatest potato eaters; the consumption in these countries annually exceeds 1,000 pounds per head of population. American pioneers were God-fearing and Bible-loving. They staked out town lots

in 22 Bethels, 10 Jordans, 9 Jerichos, 14 Bethiehems, 22 Goshens, 21 Shilohs, 11 Carmels, 18 Tabors and Monnt Tabors, 22 Zions and Mount Zions, 26 Edens, 30 Lebanons, 26 Hebrons and 36 Sharons. The city of London has no park within its borders, and yet the largest recreation ground open to Londoners is under the

control of the city corporation-namely, Epping forest, with its 5,600 acres, or nearly nine square miles of almost unbroken woodland, forming one of the most extensive and benutiful pleasure grounds in Europe. The report comes again from Florida that the alligator is threatened with speedy extermination. It is estimated that over

2,500,000 of them have been killed in the last dozen years or so. The alligator grows very slowly, but he grows as long as he lives, and it is said that a twelve-footer is at least seventy-five years old. If let alone, their average life is longer than man's.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Ready for Any Sacrifice.

She-I think I should like a widower, after all. He-Very well; whom shall I marry

Whence Those Tears?

Fanning-Poor Morris! Tears came into his eyes when I insisted on his taking a Channing-Yes. He told me he couldn't help it. He was so certain of a ten.

A Preference.

Nurse (as she puts Robert to bed)-And what would you say if your mamma should have a little baby brother or sister for you when you woke up in the morning? Robert-Tell her I'd rather have a dog.

Jucge. "Did you have a heavy rainfall yester-"No; only enough to wet the just."

The Two Great Divisions.

"What about the unjust?" "Ob, they had borrowed all the umbrel-Not Much Choice Left.

She-It is true that Miss Richleigh has

money, but she is also very exacting. If you marry her you will have to give up smoking and drinking. He-If I don't marry her I shall have to

give up eating, also.

She Knew What She Wanted. "Lace," said the attentive clerk. "Yes, madam, we have all kinds. What sort shall I show you?" "You can show me some ancestral lace."

replied Mrs. Crewe Doyle. "I hear that it is very stylish now." Which Accounts for It.

Vogue. Snoggs-What becomes of the engineers who are rejected by the railroad companies because of color blindness? Woggs-Oh, they get positions on the press as society reporters and describe the gowns worn at balls and receptions.

Breakers Ahead. New York Weekly. Auntie (anxiously)-Do you think you have had the proper training for a poor man's wife? Sweet Girl-Yes, indeed. Papa hasn't given me any spending money worth mentioning for years. I always get things charged.

Proof Positive, Youth's Companion.

"Mrs. Smith's got a dog that likes me." said little Emily, coming home from a visit with her aunt. "How do you know he likes you!" her mother asked. "'Cause he tasted of me!" answered the little girl.

A Merciful Map. Chicago Tribune.

Street Car Driver (to passenger) - Why don't you put down that heavy sacheif You'll break your back holding it up. Passenger (recently imported from Donegal)-Be gob, thim little harses has got all they can do to dhrag this big k'yar an' the load that's in it. I'll carry the bag mesilf.

A Great Writer. Good News. Teacher-Name some great writer of former times.

Boy-Spencer.
Teacher (surprised)—You have been a closer student than I thought, Willie. Now tell the class what you know of Spencer's Boy-He wrote copy books.

Too Long a Story. Boy-l see you got a sign out "Boy Wanted Merchant-Yes; we want a boy to run

errands, assist in the packing department, help sweep, conduct customers to the varions departments, clean windows, tend door Boy-Never mind the rest, mister; I'm lookin' fer a place, and I ain't got time to

The Scientific Side. New York Weekly. Young Lady—Why do I get so nervous when I play before an audience? Prof. Von Thump-Sympathy and magnetism, my tear young lady. Mind acting

on mind, you know. "I don't see how." "Eet ees very simple of explanation. De nervousness and restlessuess and weariness off de company affects yourselfs."

FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

Why the Peasants Come Near to Starvation Almost Yearly.

Jones Stadling, in August Century, In order to get a correct understanding of how the peasants have been reduced to their present hopeless state, it is not sufficient to know that there has been a series of bad crops. The land is impoverished, and often the peasants sell their manure for many years shead at ridiculously low prices. It has been shown that the recent droughts were caused by the cutting down of the forests. When it rains, floods wash away the black soil, making the land as barren as a desert. A few estate owners who irrigate their land and carry on agriculture on a rational plan have had good crops during these bad years. The intelligent and thrifty Mennonites, who likewise cultivate the soil in a rational way, also have had good crops, and none among them has suffered from famine. This alone is enough to prove that the terrible famine was not caused merely by the last failures

of crops. When we consider the cruel way in which the authorities extort enormous taxes from the poor people, it is no wonder that the peasants live constantly on the verge of famine. I have myself seen the taxgatherer take the cow of a poor widow because her taxes had not been paid. Informed of his coming I went to the Izba of the widow. and found her in the yard with her arm about the neck of her only cow. The taxgatherers frequently bave the muzhiks beaten with rods until they promise to produce money in some way or other for the payment of taxes. A prominent Russian lawver told me of a newly invented (as yet not patented) "beating machine." The use of this machine has many advantages over that of the knout and the rods. Among other things, there is no danger of the machine's feeling any forbidden sympathy with the victims, and the force of the blows can be regulated according to the strength of the patient and the will of the representatives of the government.

These cruel extortions on the part of the officers of the government seem to breed the same heartless rapacity among the people. It is not only the nobles, but merchants, kulake, and upstarts of different kinds who oppress the peasants. Most of the loans are taken in January, February and March; in January because the taxes are then gathered; in February and March because then the provisions of the peasants run short, and all kinds of estables used by peasants go up in price until they reach the climax in April. From April the peasante begin to earn a little, and the loans diminish until August. After that they rise again, because, after the crops have been gathered, the peasants begin to pay their debts with their harvest, so that they themselves soon are without provisions, and must take loans again. Sometimes the interest charged on peasant loans amounts to 300 per cent.

JEWISH WEALTH.

American Israelites Take Care of Themseives, but Are Not Large Financiers,

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. A good deal of talk has been caused by the following item published in the American Israelite, and ascribed to Dr. I. M.

"The Jews of the United States are a very insignificant factor in large tinancial operations. In the control of the national banks they are unknown; they have no voice in the management of railway and steamship lines; they do not own the mines of coal or iron, or regulate their output; of all the trusts whose oppressions are complained of, they were conspicuous in but one, the Whisky Trust, the one which concerned the general public least, and was about the first to get into financial straits. As money lenders they play a small part in these United States. Their operations are largely confined to brokerage and petty lending on collaterals. A considerable portion of them are well-to-do, a few are rich, scarcely any

very rich, and among the plutocrats there is not one." This differs very much from the popular opinion on the subject, and perhaps for the purpose of flat contradiction to that opinion the statement has been somewhat exaggerated. Here in Pittsburg there are Jewish merchants of great prominence in the business world, and there are men of mark of the Jewish race in every profession. The same is true of every city, and Jewish predominance in certain branches of business is very obvious. If there is no plutocrat among Jews there are a number of very wealthy men, but just what distinction Dr. Wise makes between a plutocrat

and a very wealthy men is not plain, The gist of the item-namely, that Jews, as a class, are not as wealthy as is commonly believed, is true. While there are many wealthy, there are very many poor. Probably their wealth, as a class, is overestimated because they are all self-supporting. However poor Jews may be, they are able to provide for themselves. They do not produce paupers, beggars or tramps.

WHAT AN ELEPHANT CAN DO. Remarkable Illustration of the Intelligence

Manchester Examiner. In India domesticated elephants are usually given drink from large wooden troughs tilled with well water by means of a pump. and it is commonly an elephant that fills this trough. Every morning he goes regularly to his task. While visiting a friend at his tine residence in India a correspondent of a paper saw a large elephant engaged in pumping such a trough full of water. He

continues:

"In passing I noticed that one of the two tree trunks which supported the trough at either end had rolled from its place, so the trough, still elevated at one extremity. would begin to empty itself as soon as this water reached the level of the top at the other end, which lay on the ground. stopped to see if the elephant would discover anything wrong. Soon the water began to run off at the end which had lost its support. The animal showed signs of perplexity when he saw this, but, as the end nearest him lacked much of being full, he continued to pump. Finally, seeing that the water continued to pass off, he left the pump handle and began to consider the phenomenon. He seemed to find it difficult to explain. Three times he returned to his pumping and three times be examined the trough. I was an absorbed looker on, 1mpatient to see what would be done. Soon a lively flapping of the ears indicated the dawning of light. He went and smelled of the tree trunk, which had rolled from under the trough. I thought for a moment that he was going to put it in its place again. But it was not. as I soon understood, the end which ran over that disturbed his mind, but the end which he found impossible to fill. Raising the trough, which he then allowed to rest for an instant on one of his buge feet, he rolled away the second supporting log with his trunk and then set the trough down, so that it rested at both ends on the ground. He returned to the pump and completed his task."

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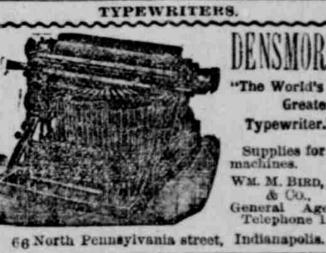
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